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151 to give them shade. Any one who remains in the village all day will retire inside the hut during the hottest hours, when the village will appear deserted. They say: 'The sun fights us.' But they very much enjoy sunshine when it is not too hot. Every morning soon after sunrise they bask in it for a while before taking up the business of the day, and they have a word, *wapōtan*, which means 'to sunbathe' (*wa*, verbal prefix, *pōtan* = sun).

## IDEAS REGARDING NATURAL PHENOMENA

● 821 Rain is produced by the 'medicine' of the rain-maker (this is described on pp. 312 ff.). He has control also of wind, thunder, and lightning. There used to be men who knew the medicine to make the sunshine, but they have all died without passing on their knowledge, and now there is no one who can control fine weather. There is medicine to influence the tides, which a malicious person sometimes uses to make a very high tide which will wash away from the beach the canoes of a man against whom he has a grudge.

The crescent moon is *dʒiwau tsutsūnē* ('the little moon') and the full moon *dʒiwau tʃan* ('the big moon'). I did not learn of any names for the quarters. There is a widespread story explaining how the moon got into the sky, of which I have several versions. The one here given comes from Saposa, and is interesting as showing that the Melanesians, like ourselves, see a 'man in the moon'.[1]

### *Story of the Man in the Moon.*

773 539 Morena (the creator of the people and the origin of their culture, further described on p. 38 f.) and a woman called Tchinaverat and a man called Bekinatun (who figures also as the hero of other stories) worked in the taro garden at night. Tchinaverat and Bekinatun worked in the dark, but when Morena wanted to work she took the moon, which she kept hidden in the roots of a tree, and set it against a tree trunk to give her light to work by. At last Bekinatun and Tchinaverat hid and spied on her, to find out how she got her light. They saw her take out the moon and work by the light it gave her. They came up to Morena. When she saw that they had seen the moon she said: 'Now this thing must go up on top.' So she sent Bekinatun up with the moon. When you see something inside the moon that looks like an axe, that is Bekinatun, he lives in the moon. Morena said to him: 'You go and stop in

[1] Another, given in my paper in *Folk-Lore* (March 1932), also accounts for the stars.

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the moon, and light up all the land. If you like you can break the moon in half; half shall be the moon, half shall be the sun; presently half shall be hot and half shall be cold, half shall be light in the daytime and half shall be light in the night.' So Bekinatun did as she said, and now he lives in the moon. He does not like to live in the sun, it is too hot. So the sun is empty. Morena said: 'If you like you can put Tchinaverat in the sun.' Bekinatun said: 'Tchinaverat can't stay in the sun, it is too hot; she will die, she must stay in the moon.' So now Bekinatun and Tchinaverat are husband and wife, they stop in the moon. Bekinatun carries an axe, Tchinaverat sits down beside Bekinatun's basket of betel-nut. When the moon is only a half circle, Bekinatun is keeping the other half shut up; when it is full, Bekinatun has opened it again, because he likes the moon to be large.

At Kurtatchi the man is called Tsõdir, and his wife Tchinaveran. Two stars near the moon are her children, one in her arms and one on her back. When there is no moon they say that it is dead. One of the more sophisticated men once asked me: 'What makes the moon die?'

There are names for many of the stars, and for groups of stars, sometimes, but not always, corresponding to our constellations. The Pleiades, for example, are called Wermis, and represent a man and a heap of stones, associated with a story about a man of that name, who left his companions in order to get stones with which to crack canarium almonds, as he said, but really to eat pig all by himself. His companions set a watch on him and found out the way he was tricking them. In these latitudes the Pleiades are not visible during the time when the almonds are ripe, i.e. from May to about the end of August, and the people say that Wermis has gone to collect stones to crack the almonds, as told in the story. Another version has it that one star in the group represents a stone and the others are the birds that gather to eat the almonds.

Orion's belt is called Wadi'i'gu, and represents two men carrying a pig on a pole. The other stars in this constellation are the dogs. The morning star is called Suetoan, which seems to be a name only, but the star which comes up some little time before dawn is called Gengenien, which means 'chase away fish', because the man fishing at night knows that when the fish see this star they go away into the deep sea and that it is useless to stay out any longer. Another group of stars is called 'Isu ien pa Tchibo', and represents a crocodile which is trying to eat a string of fish belonging to Tchibo (a legendary being about whom further details are

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821 given on p. 528). Others are Tsonara the fisherman (*ara* = to catch fish with rod and hook); Ataras, the pinna shell; Kuka, the crab; Toa, the fowl; Idetesoan, men carrying a prisoner on a stretcher (*tesoan*) to the place where he is to be eaten; Bannus, a bird with wings spread and an almond in his mouth. Another group represents two men with a dog behind them, pursued by a crocodile which is trying to eat the dog, and another, two brothers, one of whom is teaching the other how to copulate. The Milky Way is called Ru'in (= water) and is thought to be a river. The tides are connected with a constellation called Bobo, which is supposed to resemble a fish. When Bobo sets into the sea the tide comes in and swallows up the shore, i.e. there is an exceptionally high tide. When Bobo twinkles, it is because the fish is eating a stone.

[184 The people living on the east coast of Buka have more knowledge
502] of the stars than those of the north coast of Bougainville, because they use them for guidance on long voyages in big plank canoes, the Bougainville people contenting themselves with much shorter local journeys. The Kurtatchi people told me this, and it was confirmed by inquiries made on a visit to Hanahan (E. Buka), where I obtained a detailed description of a canoe being steered by the stars to the island of Nissan (see p. 381). At Kurtatchi the people were not much interested in these matters, and few knew anything about them.

## FLORA AND FAUNA

000 I can make no attempt to give a scientific account of the flora and fauna of the region. It seems to be essentially similar to that of other parts of Melanesia, which has been described by Guppy and others. The following notes are given in order to provide a picture of the environment in which the natives live and work, and on the products of which they are dependent for their subsistence and for the means of manufacturing practically all of their material possessions.

824 All, even the children, have an extraordinarily detailed know-
192 ledge of the trees, shrubs, and even of the small plants and grasses that grow in their locality. Many of these are, of course, utilized in some way or other, as food, or for 'making medicine', or in connexion with one or other of the native crafts. But they can

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the other party a length of fibre string with a knot tied in it for each day that is to elapse before the day appointed, keeping a similar string themselves, and each day one knot is cut off the string till all are gone. The knots in such a string are called *kabus*. I was told that sometimes a row of spears is struck into the ground and one removed each morning, but I did not see this done.

There is no division corresponding to our year.[1] The eagerly anticipated time when they can enjoy feasting upon the canarium almond is called 'the time of the almond', roughly from the middle of May to the end of August (the first almonds were brought to the village on May 14). I note that in the SE. Solomons that portion of the year not named after the almond is connected with the annelid *palolo*,[2] but if there is any such nomenclature in the district with which I am acquainted, it has escaped me, neither did I see any *palolo*.

They recognize the lunar month, *dʒiwau* (= moon). Only the more sophisticated natives seemed to use the 'moon' as a measure of time, and a statement that anything lasts for, or will happen in, a given number of moons nearly always turned out to have been a guess. Unfortunately, I neglected to make definite inquiries as to names for the lunar months. No spontaneous mention was made of any such in our discussions on kindred subjects, which indicates that, if used, they are not considered of very great importance.

The absence of any very well-defined 'nature calendar' may be partly accountable for their disregard of times and seasons. They speak of the 'time of rain' (*buey in a pit*), but seem to apply it whenever the weather is wet. Taro is cultivated all the year round, new plants being always put in as others are taken out for eating. The fact that two new gardens were prepared in June (as described in Chap. IX) was due to the forthcoming *watawutʃ* ceremony, for which a specially large quantity would be required.

The only unit of time that really matters is the day. Short intervals, past and future, are distinguished thus:

*roman* = to-day (e.g. *roman buey kin*, to-day is the time for work; *buey papo inabus*, to-morrow is the time for idling).

[1] It is now beginning to be introduced owing to contact with missionaries and employers of labour, and is called a 'Christmas'. So too with the week, which is called a 'Sunday', no attempt being made to adapt any native word for the purpose, or to express the idea by a circumlocution.

[2] Ivens, 1927, p. 397, also reported from other parts of Melanesia, e.g. New Ireland (Powdermaker, 1933, p. 29), and Fiji (B. Thompson, 1908, p. 324), &c.

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539 Tchinaleke climbed up a *karao* close to the couple, and they
773 took an axe and cut the *karao* right through, and she fell down, and her bones were broken. The man and his wife went up into the sky. Tchinaleke lies at Lonahan, she is a stone now, she is there always.

[266] Now all the people eat man, if they go to fight and kill some people, they eat them. But they do not eat their kinsmen.

[115] This story was told to me by Pinari, the old chief of Kurtatchi. I have an almost identical version from Sakwon, an old man of Pororan, besides several fragmentary versions. There is also another, quite different, story purporting to account for the eating of human flesh. The incident of people going up into the sky occurs in several stories.

[823] There is a rock at Lonahan, on the east coast of Buka, called Tchinaleke, which the natives say is her body turned to stone. It has a rough resemblance to a limbless figure lying with its head turned sideways. It is a natural formation, but there is a [324] stone pillar of human workmanship at the foot of a *tchiniv* tree at the top of the cliff just above. Pinari said this was Tchinaleke, but the local natives took me to the rock previously mentioned as the authentic Tchinaleke.

G. Camden Wheeler gives a version of this story (*Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, No. 45) but no connection is indicated with the practice of eating human flesh, neither is the woman turned into stone.

## Class III. Natural History Stories.

538 In this category I have placed stories accounting for
● 821 natural phenomena, the moon and stars, the contours of the land, the presence of certain curiously shaped rocks, of caves, reefs, whirlpools, etc. Perhaps the following is one of the most interesting.

### *How the Moon got into the Sky.*

539 The people went to the taro gardens. One woman was
821 lazy, she stayed in the village doing nothing. Her husband

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was angry about the work. He came back to the village, he asked her: "What is the matter with you, woman? Are you sick, that you are so lazy about going to the taro garden? The taro stalks have all gone bad, there is no woman to plant them." 539 821

Night came, the man slept. The woman went at night, she took the moon and put it on the root of a tree. The moon shone. The woman worked, she planted the taro stalks. She finished planting them all. She weeded the taro. She went back. She took the moon and covered it up with leaves, and hid it in the bush. She pretended to go to sleep.

Dawn came again. The man said to her: "You and I will go to the taro garden." She idled again, she pretended to be sick. The man went alone. He went to look for the taro stalks. He saw the taro stalks that the woman had planted. He went back, he asked his wife: "Who has planted our taro stalks?" The woman said: "Oh, I don't know, I am sick."

Then she went again, and the man went quietly behind her. The woman took the moon again and put it on the root of a tree. The man came up quietly and saw it, he saw the woman working by the light of the moon. He came up and held her fast: "You and I are glad about the moon, our thing, belonging to us two, our good thing, don't tell anybody." Then the woman was angry, she took a knife and cut the moon in pieces. She threw it away, it went up on top into the sky. "You go, moon, by and bye you be cold at night up there. These pieces are stars, this piece is the sun by day, by and bye it will be hot and will make the bush dry."

[115]

This version was given to me by Pinari's son, Wasei, who said he learnt it from his father. I have also a version, from Petats, written down in the Petats dialect by Jilohin, from his father, Gerau, and another, slightly different, from Kohiso, hill village of Buka. None of the other versions mentions the stars or the

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539 sun, and there is no other story connected with the sun in my
821 collection. Mr. A. M. Hocart tells me, in conversation, that
171 stories connected with the sun are rare in his experience of Melanesia. Thurnwald[6] offers the following explanation: "Man beschäftigt sich, wie diese Sagen zeigen, sehr viel mit dem Mond, den man fürchtet, der sich immer *verändert*, aber verhältnismässig nur sehr wenig mit der durch ihr Licht *sichernd* wirkenden Sonne."

### Class. IV. Real-Life Stories.

538 The tales in this class are sometimes about certain individuals, but more often about men, women and children who remain nameless. They consist of incidents of every-day life, hunting, fishing and domestic scenes, such as might happen to any native at any time. Perhaps we might compare them to that class of reading matter among ourselves known as "magazine stories". They are full of details the understanding of which requires a somewhat intimate knowledge of native customs and conditions, but with the appropriate explanations they have much light to throw upon the reactions of the natives to certain situations, their relations with each other, and many other aspects of their lives. Some of these tales are obviously
[522] intended to be comic, a favourite subject being the trickster who is himself tricked. The following brief tale will serve as well as any other to illustrate this class which is a very large one.

#### *Revenge for a Poor Feast.*

Told by Koawu, old man of Kurtatchi.

539 The people went fishing, they took nets, they took nets to catch *bari* (a small reef fish.) They went fishing on the reef, and one man caught one *bari*. Then they sent a message to another village to come and eat, and all the people came, they came to eat, they all looked about in

[6] R. Thurnwald, *Forschungen auf den Salomo-Inseln und dem Bismarck Archipel*, vol. i., p. 336.